

Driftwood

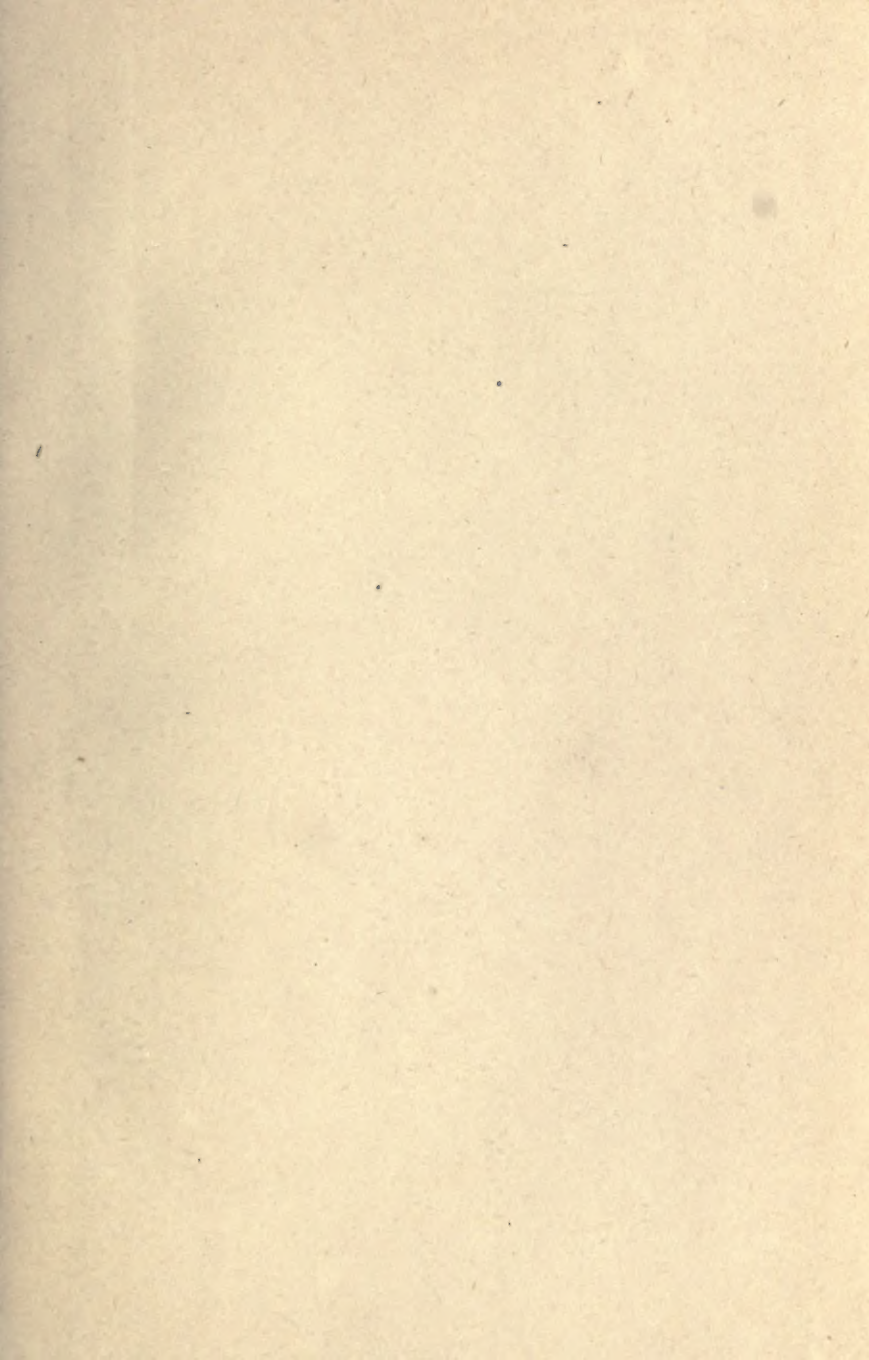
By James L. McLane, Jr.

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DRIFTWOOD



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DRIFTWOOD

BY

JAMES L. McLANE, JR.



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1919

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NOTE

Some of these poems have appeared in *The New Republic* and *The Horæ Scholasticæ*.

Εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ.
εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῇ τοῦθ' ὃ μένει διδόναι;

DRIFTWOOD

I gathered driftwood by the sea
Where waves had cast it
On the shifting sands,
And I with loving hands
Did gather gladly,
And within the dusk
Of my own spirit
Builted me a fire,
A fire of driftwood;
And the dancing flames
Lighted my dusk;
Even so these gathered poems
Are burned from driftwood
Garnered from my sea
To light thy spirit,
Driftwood burned for thee!

THY LOVE

What though my share of pain be infinite!
And though my heart be shadowed by the wings
Of Death's dark angel! Though the scheme of
things

Bewilder and confuse! What though my lot
Be one of weariness and drudgery!
Yet have I known Life's richest mystery!
Thy love!

And all the ardor of the sea,
And all the tender passion of the dawn,
The far-off beauty of the stars,
Have wrought a poem of thy love!

Thy love

Has been to me

An ecstasy

Of lilies laughing in the spring!

And in thine eyes

The mysteries

Of hidden magic pulse!

The sky

Is but a flower, dim and blue,

Star-silvered with eternal dew!

And I will make it strange and sweet

With all the artless songs I sing!

And I will lay it at thy feet,

A simple-hearted offering!

MY FANCY

I sometimes think that you're a dream,
That you're a strange and happy dream,
That we are shadows, you and I,
And so are all the things that die;
Then, friend, I whisper, "Yes, 'tis so,
Life is a fair green field, and God
Is only some old sleepy tree
That rustles in the wind, and we
Are but His shadows on the sod!"

TO THEE

As the swallows skim along the sands
And swirl and dip along the sea,
So on glad wings of song my dreams
Skim away to thee!

IF LOVE WILL GIVE ME WINGS

If love will give me wings
No human hand shall bind me down—
I shall be free!
And I shall rise upon my wings
And fly
To thee!

ONE I LOVE

Infinite passion trembles in the west ;
The mystic union of the night and day ;
And twilight bringing quietude and rest
Raises mute eyes, eyes fathomless and gray
With love that quickens all the dusky air ;
I feel your love and passion everywhere
Made living music in the passing wind.

TWILIGHT

The sunset spreads great golden wings
Across the quiet sky,
Crowning with wreathes of smoke and mist,
Pale diadems of amethyst,
The gables peaked and high ;—
Now all the dingy city seems
Haunted with dreams ;—
And you and I
Together in this little room
Make magic of the golden gloom
With Love's wild melody !
Outside the sunset fades away ;—
The sacred love of Night and Day
Fills all the twilight of our room
With passion-haunted dusk ;—
Your kiss
Is like a flower on my lips . . .
We are lost deep in twilight bliss,
Even as Night and Day.

LILIES

Dew-silvered the tall lilies stand
Pale in the shadow of the wall;
Each lily waiting for your hand
To gather one and all.

Each evening silvers them with dew;
Each morning flatters them with gold;
And still they stand and wait for you,
Growing dim and old.

At length they wither, spent and gray,
Each lily bows its head and dies;
To you who are so far away
They are but memories.

And I too, is it so with me?
Have you no shadow of regret?
Am I an idle memory
Which you forget?

For you the lilies bloomed and died;
For you they glimmered in the dew;
They gave their loveliness and pride
Only for you.

Yet you must wither, lone and sad,
You too must bow your head and die,
Glad, if at all you can be glad,
For their poor memory.

OUR LADY OF PEACE

Our Lady of Peace, ah where is she,
The sweet Madonna, grave and tall,
With lilies in her golden hair?
Painted upon some convent wall
Among the hills of Tuscany,
A faded fresco, strangely fair,
Grave-eyed Madonna standing there,
Vine-shadowed on the Convent wall
With lilies tangled in her hair,
Lady of Peace to one and all.

To-day she is no longer there
For she has left the Convent wall—
Men say that they have heard her weep
And seen her shadow dim and tall
Pass by the meadows where they reap;
Yet only poplars shake their leaves
Over the reapers and their sheaves;
They only hear the poplars sigh
Their broken-hearted melody!
The wars and sorrows of to-day,
These drive our Lady far away!

IN NO MAN'S LAND

"Over the top and give 'em Hell!"—the cry
Broke through the heavy, anxious atmosphere;
His young heart shuddered, yet no thought of
fear

Entered his mind, he must obey that cry;
And so he charged; he only heard a shrill,
Hysteric whine, a blinding flash, and then
A pain that darkened all the world—yet still
He heard the maddening moan of dying men:
And then he knew no more save the hoarse cry,
"Over the top and give 'em Hell!" That cry.

At length he raised his bruised and bleeding head,
And saw the stars all winking in the sky,
And heard their dizzy laughter, yet that cry
Rang through his brain; and all around the dead
Lay huddled on the wastes of No Man's Land.
Then someone moved unseen among the dead,
A tall dark form, perchance a German: so
The soldier grasped his bayonet in his hand
And reared himself to strike the German. Lo,
The figure turned! His great, tormented eyes,
Mute with their love and pity, wanly smiled;—
The soldier's hands fell trembling when he
smiled,

And he forgot that hoarse and maddened cry.
It was the Lonely Man of Galilee
Who whispered, "Little brother, it is I!"

"FATHER FORGIVE THEM"

War cannot help the world! War cannot be
Our ultimate salvation! Hatred, crime
Our heritage! Did Christ die thus that we
Might kill our brothers, that the course of Time
Might prove His life was wasted, thrown away,
To bring the crime and bloodshed of to-day?

Somewhere in No Man's Land He stoops to
 bless

The dying foeman, and His hand no less
Comforts the dying enemy than friend;
Above the fallen He will pause and bend
To kiss their wounds—His words are broken,
 low:

"Father forgive them for they do not know!"

IN MEMORIAM

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE, POET

Within the hollow of the hand of God
Lie all his gathered years, so few, so few,
And all the happy meadows where he trod
Are blind with tears of dew.

He took Life's empty chalice and he filled
Its emptiness with poetry and song,
But now the wine of his young life is spilled,
The wine that was so sweet, so clear and
strong.

The flowers who are gentle folk and wise
Have hid his secrets—they will guard them
well;
The happy soul that looked out through his eyes
Has fled, the echo of a heather-bell.

Yet he will come again and sing his songs,
A swift-winged swallow, and the shifting days
Shall be the happier for these his songs,
The happier for these his artless lays.

IN MEMORIAM

E. R. O.

His life was but a fragmentary song—
A clear, a haunting, rhythmic melody
Broken by Death—yet it shall not be long
Ere Life again will chaunt this melody
The sweeter for the pause—Eternity
Shall bow in silence—This his sacrifice
Is measureless, and shall not be in vain;
For out beyond the fields of blood and pain
God weeps because of His great sacrifice
Who also died for Love and Purity.

OUR HERITAGE

Shallow the heart of youth, and gay;
Heedless we leave the School and go
Along the twisted, broken way,
Beyond the hills and fields we know
Into the world; yet even so,
Deep in our hearts, young though they be,
Burns this dear hallowed memory:
A Gothic tower lifted high
Against the stars—the moon's faint tracery
Of shifting moonbeams on the sleeping grass—
Then all about the tower throng and pass
Remembered faces, faces loved and dear;
Remembered voices, voices young and clear,
Echo across the moonlight, thus they pass
Into our hearts. Ah, though long years glide by,
And Time's gray fingers rend the dreams of
youth
From Life's bright loom, this memory, this truth
Is ours, and shall be ours, eternally!

HER SACRIFICE

Across a smoky sea of dreary roofs
The sunset flung a blinding, passionate light
In at her window—Her dishevelled hair
Glittered against her pale transparent flesh ;—
Her dark eyes, heavy, listless, were so tired,
So weary, and her sad mouth drooped, a flower
Withered by Sin's hot kiss—the fevered light
Painted the cobwebs on her window gold
Like faery-lacework—with a sob she turned,
Binding her hair up slowly . . .
Oh that Life could sink so low !
With the quick hands of Sin
She stained her lips, and with cheap finery
Covered her body—when a child's faint cry
Broke the close, dusty air ! She crossed the gloom
And bent above a cradle, stooped to kiss
A tiny baby-head ; the harlot's face
Grew wild with savage, burning mother-love ;
"For your sake, darling, have I done this thing !
Over my sin-steeped body you shall pass
To happier days . . ."
A stifled sob—she wrenched herself away !
With a low laugh of anguish
Down to the hungry streets she went alone.

A JAPANESE COLOR PRINT

Two twisted pines, distorted phantom-trees,
In aspect tortured like the human soul,
Stand strange and lovely on the wave-worn
shore,

Lonely and beautiful—and all the sea
Gray and eternal, beats along the sands,
Gray and unending—and a shadow-moon,
Pale as a paper-lantern in the dusk,
Drifts in across the sea, and all the east
Lies dim before the silent feet of night.
Thus human souls stand lonely on the brink
Of the unknowable and dream their dreams,
Just as these trees dream by the restless sea,
Twisted and gnarled by Time's unerring hand.

MY SILENCE

When day's last wave has ebb'd and starry tides
Flood all the sky, then silence spreads vast wings
To shelter me and guard me till the dawn;—
Oh silent spirit, born of peace and love,
I go to cities where no love of thine
Shall shelter me, for in the din and crowd
Thy beauty is forgotten—
Hungry souls
Cry from dumb lips sealed with their hidden pain,
And a strange pity clings about my heart
Fluttering, frightened by the city's voice
Rising and falling from a troubled world;
Oh silence, I must hold thee in my heart
To be a flame to guide me on my way—
To bring me through the darkness to the light!

HIDDEN TRUTH

Though autumn linger in the heart
And pen the prelude of the dying year
In crimson characters writ bold and clear
Across Life's page, and though our share, our
part

Be one of sorrow, though the stinging smart
Of early frost withers the spirit's bloom
And seals our days with solitude and gloom,
And Death's blind hands grope nearer, ever near ;

Yet if we cherish in our hearts this truth :
That Loveliness and Beauty never die !
Autumn and sorrow melt into a sigh
Upon the glad lips of immortal Youth—
A ghostly cloud in a clear summer sky—
The pause that lends to life its harmony !

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT

Though Beauty pause and turn away;
Though Love grow weary at the gate
Of our dead hearts in cold dismay;
Life more abundant is our ultimate!

We cannot linger in the grave,
Deep though it be with rest and peace;
Immortal longings in us crave
Immortal happiness, untold release.

For we must melt into the sun and air;
Must live in every tawny thrush's note—
Our souls must dwell in all things everywhere—
The golden sunbeam and the tiny mote.

Life, only Life, pulsing, immortal song!
Deep and mysterious, this must we be!
Whether our span of days be swift or long,
We must have Life the more abundantly!

THE BIRTH OF SORROW

Beyond all good and evil, lonely Life
Bowed low her golden loveliness, and shed,
Ah, many a tear ;
Beyond all good and evil, midst the hum
Of the eternal spheres there softly slept
The Child of Death ;
Sorrow was born.
Far beyond good and evil, heaven and hell,
Sorrow was born.
There where the sapphire pinnacles of ice
High towering o'er the firmament of heaven,
Sorrow, the child of God's most thoughtful mood,
Clad in robes of woven sighs and tears,
Pale as the flowers of Forgetfulness,
Beyond all good and evil, there she stood.
And then she took a mantle of dark thoughts,
Woven from soft, rich fabrics of the sky,
And wrapped it 'round her, clasped it with a star,
And came down softly to the trembling earth,
Sorrow, the child of God's most thoughtful
mood.

COMMUNION

It is the gentle feast of memory,
The Lord's Last Supper—on the altar glow
The twin-flames of His Spirit—and our hearts
Lie open to receive our Master's love;
The crumb of blessed bread, the simple wine!
The dear dead drawing near us, thus we kneel
Low at the gentle feast of Memory.

GETHSEMANE

The flowers linger in Gethsemane,
Linger beneath the age-gray olive trees;
The grass is patterned with their tracteries—
The garden glimmers with their loveliness;
The flowers linger in Gethsemane,
Burdened with summer's honeyed heaviness.

The flowers whisper in Gethsemane,
The flowers 'neath the ghostly olive trees,
About a Lonely Man whose agonies
Fell in great drops of blood upon their heads;
The heads of flowers in Gethsemane—
A Lonely Man who wept above their heads.

And still they linger in Gethsemane
Under the olive trees and cypress shades,
A pageantry of bloom that never fades,
Dew-silvered by the tears that once were shed,
Shed in the Garden of Gethsemane
By One whose heart with love and anguish bled.

Deep in the Garden of Gethsemane
The lowly flowers kneel in grateful prayer,
Because the Lonely Man who suffered there
Blessed them with peace—with His Eternal
 peace—
Deep in the Garden of Gethsemane
He blessed the flowers with eternal peace.

THE HAND OF GOD

The hand that wrote the poem of Life
Across the blank page of eternity;
The hand that chiseled from the stars a world
And shadowed it to give it night and day;
The hand that wrought the wingéd heart of man,
A creature moulded from warm clay—
This hand
Is really not a hand at all,
But Love,
And Love will break and mould our hearts anew!

THE CROWD

To be one with the white-lipped passing throng—
To drift on the tide of suffering—
To feel the pulse of fettered hearts
Under the bleeding feet of Pain
Passing down endless city streets,
Is to feel the light of hidden Truth,
That deep in the heat of all mankind
Beauty is struggling to free her wings
From the heavy hands that bind the soul,
The hands of Ignorance and Sin!

BIRTH

Out of the sky, far out beyond the sea,
Gliding on wings of infinite desire,
Strong wings of flashing silver,
A sea-bird floats;
Even so a new born thought
On wings of wonder
Glides forth from the soul.

MORTAL LOVE

The kiss each wave brings to the shore
Lingering long with trembling lips,
Is but the symbol of our love
Quivering on the sands of Time.

OUT OF THE DUST

Out of the dust the poppy springs;
Out of the dust the lily grows;
Out of the dust the passionate rose
Blossoms—this round of common things,
This little dust-born dream of ours,
Blossoms and withers with the flowers!

OUR HEAVEN

Where roses blow across the way;
Where night's a shadow, and where day
Is a white flower, and where Song
Is one with all the world—There we,
Though weary be the quest and long,
Shall one day dwell, dear friend, and sing,
The children of eternal Spring!

YOUR EYES

Eyes gray and lovely, mingled dark with blue;
Eyes both a passion and a sanctity;
Wonderful eyes, tender and deeply true;
Such are your eyes, dear friend, in them I find
Love that is infinite and kind;
Deep in the wonder of your eyes
All of Love's simple mysteries!

MY DREAMS

When evening in a veil of blue
Lights the lanterns of the stars
And with diadems of dew
Crowns the nenuphars,
Then all my dreams spread wings and fly
Beyond the starry wealth of sky
To thee—

When veiled in rose and amethyst
Dawn snuffs the tapers of the stars;—
When on the pool, afloat in mist,
Sleep the nenuphars,
Then all my dreams fly home to me,
Each dream a wingèd mystery
From thee!

A PAINTED PARASOL

Have we been thus before?
We two alone
Together on some crescent shore
Of curving gold and gray?
This glow of fire
The embers of a dying day?
This parasol of painted paper
Spread to shelter us
From pearls of dew
Dusk-scattered on the sleeping beach
Like tiny silver stars?
And this veiled sense of peace,
Is it the shadow of a love
Dreamed in another world
Remote and far?
Was I your poet then
And you my star?
Or were we simple peasant lovers
Dreaming by a silent sea?

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP

Strange little friend of yesterday,
Although to you and me it seems
That yesterdays are only dreams
Ever so far away—
Although your love for me seems dead
And friendship's flame burns dim and low,
By all the things we ever said
You know it is not so—
You know it is not so, and we
Are friends for all eternity.
Although the years shall drift between
And tides of Time creep o'er Life's sands
And Death with heavy, listless hands
Gathers the fruit of love,
You know that in some starry place
We two shall meet, and face to face
Find once again our happy love
And prove that it is true—
You know it, little gray-eyed friend,
Even as I love you—
It matters not if Time shall part
Our bodies—for in God's old Heart
All friendships live anew!

OUR SOULS

Thy voice is echoed by the broken waters
In slow, sad syllables along the shore;
And all thy look is mirrored in the passion
Of these gray dawns and of these limpid even-
ings,

Thy look, a gleam of loveliness and prayer . . .
Yet thou art but the chattel of another,
And all thy beauty and thy wonder lie
In his rough hands to serve his will and pleas-
ure;—

All, all is his except thy flame-white soul,
An ember broken from some lonely star;—
Beyond the dawn, thy soul and mine shall quiver
On wings of flame,
Children of living light!
For thou art mine, and I am thine forever!
Stars in the night!

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1918

Another year has shaken down its days,
Gray shadow-leaves across the drifted snow,
And it is New Year's, happy New Year's day;
Old sleepy Time, awakened from his dreams,
Finds a great sorrow on the troubled world,
And leaning from the stars, his laughter falls
In silver echoes on the homes of men;
And yet for me this day has held great joy—
Peace, infinite and measureless, has filled
My heart with quiet love for you, my friend.
Oh, though war wastes the weary hills and fields,
And wild contentions sever friend from friend,
And Life and Love pass through the Gates of
Death—
Though Beauty perish—Friendship's lowly lamp
Glows pure and white against the world's dark
heart
And shatters all the shadow of the soul.

WINTER'S LAMENT

The teeth of Time are in my heart
And I am grave and old;
The hillsides and the meadows start
Alive with gold!

The swallows quicken all the air
With happy twitterings, yet I,
Broken and lonely with despair,
Wither and die.

Spring comes on swift, impassioned feet
With lilies in her hair;
The meadows blossom, deep and sweet,
Unutterably fair.

Yet I must go, I cannot stay
Companion of the golden Spring—
Heart-broken, I must turn away,
A lonely shadow-thing.

SPRING IN A CITY

The melodies of melting snow,
Thin little melodies and sweet,
Along the dirty gutters sing,
And the old elm-tree in the street
Puts forth its tiny buds and leaves
And dreams about the lazy spring—
The sparrows in the sooty eaves
Wrangle, their chatter startles me,
As I, lost deep in reverie,
Dream wistfully about the Spring;—
Then I forget the city's din,
The sparrows and the dirty snow,
The hopelessness, disease and sin;—
Only I feel the south-wind blow
Across wide meadows of young grain;
I feel the sweet, luxurious pain
Of new life stirring through the wakening
world—
The pulsing of some swallow's wing—
The breath of hyacinths! I know
That thou art near, O Spring, my Spring!

PASSING SPRING

Wild hyacinths make sweet the tender grass;
The dew-kissed crocus stars the windy mead;
And Spring makes musical a simple reed
With Summer's passion! And we feel her pass
On joyous feet over the wakened wold!
The daffodils all riotous with gold
People the glades! The Spring is passing by
Filling the heart with happy melody!

APPLE BLOSSOMS

The apple blossoms blow in May,
Each blossom but the kiss of Spring
Against the trees' bare limbs;
Wind-scattered all across the grass
They weave a starry covering
Where with her passionate array
The blue-eyed Spring shall pass!

OUR BLINDNESS

Boughs of apple blossoms swing
Heavy-scented in the lane;
Songs of thrushes throb and ring,
Songs melodious with pain,
Pain of love, and laughing Spring,
Spring, bare-footed, foolish Spring,
Blossom-decked across the grass
Dances—
And we let her pass!

BEES

My thoughts like little droning, golden bees
Work in the honeyed cells of poetry;
Silent mysterious, they gather up
The secret whisperings of ancient trees,
The laughter of the meadows . . . busily
They cull the fragrance of the flower's cup,
And work among the shadows of the hive,
Building their golden structure, sleepily
Crooning their drowsy music as they strive
To mould the golden cells of poetry.

A CUBIST DREAM

An azure goat beside a yellow brook,
A grove of purple trees with glossy leaves,
A greenish figure poring o'er a book,
A cottage with white swallows on the eaves,
A wine-dark mountain, looming over all,
Casting red shadows—an appalling dream!
I hear the greenish figure give a scream.
The azure goat has eaten it; leaves fall;
And all is bluish blurr.
I wake, and in the stir
Of birds among the oaks across the lawn,
Give thanks that this is not a Cubist dawn!

RAIN

Quiet, monotonous, and sad,
Peaceful and gently falling rain,
I love your little pattering feet
That bring faint memories again,
When he—Oh wistful, gray-eyed lad,
Who came with loving heart to greet
A dusty wanderer, made glad
A heart which sleepless sorrow had
Outworn with many a pain.
Quiet, monotonous, and sad,
The little songs the raindrops sing
Are pleasant: it has made me glad
To taste the memories they bring.

OLD JAPAN

The crooked willows whisper by the stream;
The temple bell rings softly, *Kwanon* smiles;
All this is like some happy, happy dream;
The *semi* sing among the bamboo trees;
The Shinto shrine beside the long white road
Which dwindles among rice fields, sunny miles,
Is silent: and that quaint, brown wrinkled man
Is an old peasant out of Old Japan.
Friend, let us leave this hurried Western world
And wander down dream paths in Old Japan.

MEMORIES

The evening came down softly ; rose and gray
Glimmered the ruffled waters, and the peace,
Wind-whispered among pines, seemed infinite ;
The west glowed faintly and the night's release
Brought cool, hushed twilight in the wake of day ;
Peace filled the fading hollows of the sky
With starry darkness, and the memory
Of dear dead friendships sobbed among the
 pines,
Pines murmurous with music of the wind.
Thus, when the waters ruffle, rose and gray,
And night stoops down to bind the brows of day
With beauty that is half a mystery,
Thus, in the hours of twilight oft I find
Phantoms that whisper in the passing wind,—
Ghosts from the twilit land of Memory.

AN IVORY CASKET

Night spreads her wings over the wearied day
And folds the earth's warm meadows in her arms
And presses starry kisses on the brow
Of furrowed Ocean, and the old world sleeps,
Quiet and happy as a little child.
Then in the silent hours I open up
A casket chiseled from smooth ivory
And filled with fragments of old memories;
Colorless petals of a withered rose—
Verses and letters yellow from Time's hands;
I lose myself among these trifling things
Until against the window-pane white Dawn
Shall press her face and summon me away.

A SACRIFICE

And it was only yesterday
We parted, you and I, dear friend?
The meadows sang along the way,
The flowers marshalled their array
Along the warm sweet, dust-white road;
And then we parted, friend from friend
Parted, we felt it was the end,
Yet dared not tell each other so,
And sorrow, the Great Shepherd's goad
That drives men over life's strange ways,
Wounded my heart, I turned, and low
Your words were, dreamy, far-away,
"Good-bye"—your hand in mine, and then
You vanished in the long dark train—
You went to suffering and pain,
A sacrifice for lesser men—
I tarried by the lonely way—
Friend, was this only yesterday?

And was it only yesterday
I read your letter and I knew
How much our friendship meant to you,
And more than everything to me?
I heard it from your mother's lips.
She sent for me. I found her there,
There in your little room alone;
She trembled very white and still—
"He died for you and me," she said,

"He went down fearless to the dead . . .
Dead on the Field of Honor, dead,
My little boy, your friend . . . "
Then all my heart grew dull and still;
She turned away and wept, but I,
I lingered in your little room
Alone with your dear memory.
Pale evening came and found me there
Dumb with my grief—and yet your doom
Has been a flaming sacrifice;
Has granted you a large release,
Vast and immeasurable peace,
The unknown Peace of God!
Deep in your simple sacrifice
You found the Peace of God!

HER ANSWER

"Oh Love has broken bread with you
And drunk the sudden wine of Youth,
And you have thought in him you knew
The glory of eternal Truth—
And now he limps with wounded wings
Along your life's bewildered way;
The awful arm of Sorrow flings
A shadow on the face of day,
And you are beaten and bereft
Of Love's bright kiss—what do you say
Now love has left?"
Your answer falters—yet I hear
Your voice, mysterious and clear;
"I do not weep because I know
That Love will come again and bless
With baby hands my heart, and so
I shall find happiness!"

A RETROSPECT

The years have lifted as it were a mist,
Shadows of Time across Life's open page,
And once again I am a little boy
Kneeling before the altar deep in prayer,
Bewildered somewhat by the sudden touch
Of God's communion—I, a little boy,
Happy and young, whole-hearted, undismayed.
Since then the years have drifted in between
And I am older, wiser, sadder now
Than on that evening seven years ago
In this quiet chapel—and the hungry years
Devour my bright childhood—seven years
Wither the dreams and ardours of my youth.

TO THE FOG

Ye ghostly wraiths that cling about the brows
Of ageless mountains—ye gray shreds of mist,
Slow echoes of unearthliness that cry
From sorrowful lips of waves which sob and
 sigh,
Scarce audible, along the lonely rocks,
Why creep ye in among the coasts and coves
And bind the ancient brows of sleeping hills,
Drenching the meads and woodlands with strange
 dew,
And haunting man with all the loneliness
And sorrow and unhappy melody?

LOST LOVE

You know that in my living heart
I bear your image graven deep—
So deep that it shall be a part
Of my last sleep!
You shall not then be as you are,
Remote, ineffable, yourself a star!
You shall draw near and fold me
With wings of starry flame,
Shall clasp me close and hold me
And all Love ever told me
Shall echo in the passion
Of your unuttered name!
Your eyes grown deeper, dimmer—
Your lips a broken prayer—
And over me shall glimmer
The halo of your hair!

EVEN SO

Perhaps I cared for you too much,
Perhaps I did, I cannot tell;
If so, I knew the pain of such
As love too well.

Your laughing eyes, so dear and grave,
Smile at me yet across the years—
I loved too much?—If so I have
Paid with my tears.

Our friendship was a happy dream?
Foolish perhaps? Yet even so
Your quaint, gray, laughing eyes still gleam
From long ago!

THY HAIR

Thy hair has caught the mystery
Of sunlight playing among leaves !
All golden shadows ! 'Tis a fair,
Wonderful web of golden hair
Which the Sun's unseen fingers weave
To snare my heart and capture me !

ECSTASY

To-day the sky has caught up to his breast
The happy world in wind-swept passion—we
Are only children of the Earth and Sky!
Our souls eternal dreams! Oh you and I
Are one with Nature and we shall not die!
We too are caught up in the Sky's caress,
Seeking through Love and Beauty, happiness!

WE WHO ARE NEAR TO ONE ANOTHER

We who are near to one another, we
Who are as wind and sunlight, you and I,
Find in our narrow world eternity,
Fathomless as the wide-rimmed depth of sky
Starless before the passion of the dawn!
Lo, Love has caught old Time and bound him
fast

Between the pale horns of the crescent moon;
The proud-lipped seas, so passionate and vast,
Have sunk to silence, and the mountains croon
Low lullabies to all the little hills;
For Love has kissed the world! His music
thrills

The desert sands with laughter and with song!
We who are near to one another, we
Have found within our hearts eternity!

PRELUDE

The poplars laugh against the wind;
Their laughing leaves flash silvery
Against the windy, turquoise sky!
Life is a poem fluted low
On reedy pipes—and you and I
Are poplar leaves against the sky,
Wind-wafted words of melody!

EVENING

The west grew sacred like a prayer
Upon the dying lips of Day,
As through the dusk gleamed star by star
The poem of the Milky Way.

A KISS

Trembling, he stooped to kiss her hair
With an impassioned tenderness—
I turned away, and in my heart
Came a strange springtime—sudden wings—
The memories of withered springs
In other lives lived long ago ;
And all my heart beat swift with pain
To feel Love's happy, bleeding feet
Dancing a rhythm wild and sweet
Over my lonely heart again ;—
I felt the old, old aching bliss
Anew in that brief, broken kiss !

BY THE CORNISH SEA

Long years ago,
Ah, very long ago, you lived and loved,
And in your kisses and your loves and tears
Life throbbed and sang, and one by one the years
Withered, and you too withered, you who loved
Long years ago
Within these ruined halls,
Tristan and Iseult! This gray Cornish sea
And these wild rocks, and this low crumbling wall
Of ancient palace and the sea-birds' cries,
Lonely and strange, and their gray pulsing wings,
All bring to me the passion of your love
And of your lives, your ardors, and your
dreams,
Inevitably doomed to sorrow—You
Who loved and sinned so poignantly, and died
Glad to have lived and loved and sinned, and
glad
To die with one another!
Oh gray coasts
And tortured winds, so passionate with stars
And deepening twilight, sweeping to the sea,
Kissing to madness the pale waves, and ye
White sea-birds crying to the lonely skies,
Bring back to me the memories
Of those wild lovers wrapped in mystery
Long years ago
By this lone Cornish sea!

THE SEA'S CRY

Eternal songs, gray songs and cold,
The lone sea lisps along the sands,
Long level streaks of gray and gold
Smoothed by the sea's gray hands;
Life's restless passion seems to me
Forever echoed by the sea.

SEA-COMFORT

When I have lost the music of my soul
Among the ugly trifles of life's ways,
And in the dust and hurry of the crowd
The tenor of my days
Seems lost in sordid, paltry, petty things;
Then when my way is blind, my goal unknown,
I go out to the lonely wastes of sea
And find my music, clear and beautiful,
Where great waves dash themselves against the
rocks

In passionate ecstasy to find some peace,
Some little peace along these empty shores!
There lost in dreams of sea-gray reverie
I find my soul in all its harmony,
A harmony of stars and wings . . .

Oh, when thy light burns low and all thy soul
Seems darkened, get thee to the surging sea
Where lone bleak coasts sing with the laughing
waves

Their clean, strong music—Thou shalt find thy-
self

In the wild voices of the windy waves,
Shalt find thyself in all thy harmony!

TO MY FAERY-GODMOTHER

You who are dear and good to me
And fond of simple, lovely things,
Flowers and stars and melodies
And little children—all that brings
Beauty and happiness and light
To others' lives, you give to me,
Dear Faery-godmother—and so
When all the stars are growing white
And shadows lengthen long and low,
And I am lonely, then you call
To me across the fading sky,
Your voice itself a melody
Of lovely words that gently fall
Into my heart—Ah, thus the call
Of your far friendship comes to me
A simple, loving harmony.

A CHOPIN WALTZ

Oh haunting, wistful waltz that sings
Sad little melodies, like leaves,
Bright leaves of autumn, gleams of gold,
Pattering down upon the cold,
Brown, genial countenance of earth,
Why do you haunt me?
Clear as a golden autumn day;
Sad as a withered autumn leaf;
Bright as a falling star, and brief
As Love's last broken shadow-kiss,
Oh ghostly waltz, why haunt you me?

CHILDHOOD

Oh, all the stars are merry in the sky
And God is singing to the baby moon;
The drowsy earth is silent, with it I
Go dreaming back to all the careless years
When we were children, and when idle fears
Were no more than the shadows of the moon—
When every flower spoke with us, and when
We danced unmindful of the ways of men.
And now the stars are merry in the sky,
For they are only children, and the moon
Slumbers, enchanted by the melody
Which God is singing—Oh it must be soon
When we shall dance as children once again,
Happy, unmindful of the ways of men!

OPEN COUNTRY

To live forever in the open country!
To breathe forever large clear draughts of air!
To dwell with dreams close to the heart of
Nature

In happiness:
This is my dearest hope—
Rich in the happiness of open country
To pass my days and die.

There is great wonder in the open country
Where flowers make glad laughter, where the
fields

Tremble beneath the wind's caressing fingers!
Oh take me back where open country surges
In wind-swept billows to the windy sky!
Oh take me to the heart of open country
To pass my days and die!

TO FLAMES

Ye little dreams of long-forgotten sunlight,
Ye ghosts of summer's passion born again!
Thin flames that dance among the dying embers
Bringing the wealth of perished Junes to gladden
The autumn dusks with promise of new life—
Awake again within my heart remembrance
Of love and sunlight, happiness and song,
Old memories all pregnant with the promise
Of unborn Beauty in the days to come!

MOONLIGHT

Last night the moon stole down to touch
With loving fingers all the glades,
Leaving a lingering sweetness there
All silvery and strange—
Almost it seemed that I could feel
The earth's deep bosom rise and fall
In happy slumber—like a dream
The moonlight drifted o'er her face;
I felt a creature of her dreams,
Meshed in the moonbeams' lace!

FROM THE CLIFFS

When a great golden moon climbed slow
Into the deepening wealth of sky
Bathing the dusk-bound curve of shore
In magic splendor, you and I
Watched the dim waters lap the sands
All glowing from the moon's embrace—
The yellow image of her face
Mirrored in the sea's gray glass
Smiled up at us—time seemed to pause
And bless us—Did we feel him pass?
Or did the night-wind call, and we
Catch echoes of its melody?

TO A SHELL

Tossed on the sands by the spendthrift sea,
Dirged by the waves so lovingly,
What little creature dwelt in thee?
What little heart beat here and knew
Sorrow and happiness
All through blue days
Dreamed in the greater blue
Immensity of sea?
Thou fragment of eternity,
How can I solve thy mystery?

SLUMBER SONG

Sleep, little flower, sleep!
The faeries bring thee happy dreams
In poppy-cups all silver-white;
The little stars will shed their beams
Over thy slumbers, and the night
Herself will bend above thy bed
To kiss thy tiny, drowsy head;
Sleep, little flower, sleep and dream,
For things are never what they seem;
But thou must sleep and dream away
The hours that strew the path of day
With stars and shadows, mauve and gray;
Sleep, little flower, sleep!

RAIN-SONG

Among the leaves, across the grass,
Dancing on nimble, silver feet,
A never-ending rout they pass,
Gray little raindrops, cool and sweet;
Dancing along my window-pane
They chant a haunting low refrain!
Gay, dancing drops of merry rain
Come singing from the heavy skies
Kissing the languid leaves and flowers,
Splashing aloud their melodies
Along the pathway as they pass
A laughing troop across the grass
In little fitful gusts and showers!
What are the songs the raindrops sing?
I know not, only that they bring
Deep draughts of life to all the earth;
Sorrow and pleasure, pain and mirth,
In one clear, happy note they sing!
They dance along the hills and seem
Across the world a covering—
The echo of a thought, a dream
Of Time—the shadow of his wing!

EVEN SONG

The garden glimmers in the hush
And quiet aftermath of day;
The lonely anthem of a thrush
Quickens the silence—far away
A wild dove mourns, and shadows fall
Along the formal garden wall.

You come to me across the grass,
Girl with the honey-colored hair;
Brushing the dew aside you pass
Along the garden paths, and where
The flowers sleep, you pause to bless
Each flower in your gentleness.

And then you come to me and kiss
My weary forehead, and you go
Into the dusk, content with this
Brief touch of love—yet even so
I know that some day we shall be
Together in eternity!

THE MOTH

This silent moth that flits about the flame
Carries within his dusky breast
A heart of purest gold;
His quest
The unattainable,
The flame of star-strange passion
Luring him to death.
Freely he gives his body to the flame
To fall with singed wings,
Quivering, to die;—
A victim of his sacrifice;—
His soul
The symbol of man's own;—
He dies to prove
Through sacrifice
The sanctity of love!

THE HAUNTED CASTLE

*This poem was written for the Symphonic Narrative of Michel Dworsky
which was first played by the Philadelphia Symphonic Orchestra,
November 28th, 1918.*

Ripples of silver light on the horizon;—
A foam of stars along the ebbing day;—
Weird music breaks the silence, lone and far,
The Norns are singing low their fateful song;—
I see a pleasant valley, fruitful, wide,
And rich in meadowlands, and jutting crags,
Infinite steeps of rock whose rugged brows
Are wreathed in mist which slowly melts
away;—

A shaft of lingering light strikes on the walls
Of an old castle towering on high,
Proud and majestic in its loneliness!
And yet a sadness fills the dusky air
As night creeps noiselessly about the world,
And vast clouds gather, ominous and strange;
A sudden flash and thunder!—Far away
The roaring echoes, and an ill wind stirs . . .
The Norns are spinning the thin thread of Fate
When a shriek rends the night—the thin thread
breaks
All is still again . . .

Dark shadows creep along;
Unearthly creatures gambol in the wind
At ghostly play about the castle walls,
Teasing each other, chasing through the night
Until their play grows angry and they rush

On one another grappling savagely !
With swift contemptuous feet and deadly hands
A thousand demons leap into the air,
Rushing upon the forms of evil darkness
In maddened turmoil through the stormy night !
Wild hungry flames break from the lofty towers
And the great castle totters, crumbles, falls,
A proud and broken ruin ! And the storm
Subsides, and all the demons fade away . . .
The Norns again are singing and a peace,
The hallowed peace of God falls on the land—
A deep distress weighs on my heart—Revolt
Stirs all my soul against the fate, the fate
Of the castle once so passionately fair ;—
Yet Hope, the child of sorrow, comes to me
A vision—And again the castle floats
More glorious, more luminous, above
Infinite valleys bright with waving grain
Where peasants toil in the warm golden light—
Only a dream, a vision ! Through the dark
Pale ruins glimmer, sorrowful and lone,
The ruined castle ! And my soul is left
Bewildered, wandering, wandering . . .

DARK HEARTS

The slender poppies sway and nod
Along the dusty road—we pass
In heedless haste! The Hand of God
Has fashioned them and made them fair
And planted them to be a glass
Wherein we read our fate, and where
We may find Beauty and may see
In death itself eternity.
And yet we pass and do not heed
Their loveliness, and do not mark
The flower from the tawdry weed
Because our hearts are dark!

DAWN

The dawn was desolate and gray
Over the slumbering streets and town;
You slept and did not seem to heed
The sorrow of the heavy dawn;
And in the shifting web of dreams
That clung about your sleeping form
I saw the flutter of your soul,
Awakened, striving to be free,
Even as the silver streaks of day
Gleam through the eyelids of the East;
I saw your soul on trembling wings
Meshed in the cobwebs of your dreams,
Striving to shed in your dark heart
The calm light of eternity.

TO ONE WHO SENT ME VERSES

How can I thank the heavens for the wind
That lifts the leaves? The breath from other
hills?

The lingering fragrance of another's flowers?
The hallowed glimpse into another's heart?
How can I thank you, how?

Only I love the fragrance of wild roses,
The wind-born savor blown from lonely hills,
The leaves, the stars, the verses of a friend,
Occult, intangible, the passions of your soul;—
I love them and am grateful, strangely so,
For they have made their music in my heart—
I cannot thank you for I love them so!

YOUR VOICE

Your voice is all I know of you;
Sometimes it is a melody
Of stars and children
And of Love and Pain;
The voice of Beauty trembling in the wind.
Sometimes it is a nearer voice,
A voice of Friendship, helpful, kind,
That floods my heart with sympathy.

Your voice is ever with me, distant friend;
In loneliness, in bitterness, in pain,
In happiness, I feel its echoes deep
Within my heart—your voice is ever near,
Whether as song or wingèd thought, to me
It rings a silver echo, strong and clear,
A voice of friendship and of melody.

AT SANDY NECK

Sky, dunes, and sea ! An ecstasy of light
Where the sun flings a golden arm to clasp
This beauty !—I have known it long ago !
And you as now you dream,
I knew you so,
And dreamed I was a child,
Your child, perhaps . . .
Only the wind sighs and the waves laugh low ;
Were you my mother long, so long ago ?

TO A POET-FRIEND

Sheltered by pines
That croon low lullabies;—
Caressed by winds—
Here thou hast builded thee
A temple for thy dreams;
And here thy poems
Came singing from thy heart
To spread glad wings
And fly forth unafraid
Into the world!
And here I too
Found Love and Friendship—
Here I found new life;
Here warmed my heart
Before thy spirit's flame,
And went forth to the world
With singing lips!
From thee I learned
That grief and pain
And happiness and love
Are but the portals
To a larger life!
Great gates of pearl
That open to the Dawn
Where Truth is but a laughing child,
And Beauty but a star!

OUR DAWN

All the lives I ever lived;
All the dreams I ever dreamed;
All the things that ever seemed
Strange and beautiful and true;
All I ever loved and knew,
Lived and died and were reborn
In the beauty of this dawn
Seen alone with you!

O BEAUTY! THOU ART GOD

Day ebbd along the dunes—
Wave after wave
Crumbling along the sands
Left laughing pools
That flung back to the sky
With lavish scorn
Dim crimsons dusted gold—
A blended radiance
Of sky and sea!
And wingèd clouds
Caught up the sunset's flame
In sacramental splendor!
Dusking dunes
Were bowed in passioned prayer—
And from the sea's gray lips
I caught a song,
A psalm of sky and sea,
"O Beauty, thou art God!"

The virgin moon
Slipped from her veils
Of silver gossamer
And trembled to her lover Night
Whose swift, dark, hungry arms
Reached out
To clasp her loveliness—
The star-kissed waves
Crooned to the sleepy sands;

The wind
Whispered among the glimmering dunes,
"O Beauty, thou art God!"

Violet-shadowed,
Rose and blue,
The waters laughed;
Great golden planets dipped
Along the silver dunes,
Mute symbols of the magic touch of Love
Within our hearts;
The halo of the Dawn
Flamed far across the east—
With a glad cry
Day flung across the mocking waves
The azure mantle of the sky!
My heart within me throbbed and sang,
"O Beauty, thou art God!"

INVOCATION

The wind comes laughing from Japan,
The wind comes laughing from the stars,
And laughing mocks at striving man!
Mocks laughing at his selfish wars!
Ride on the laughing winds with me,
Dear friend, and find in Old Japan
Those echoings of melody
That mingle in the soul of man,
And build of dreams the ghostly span
That links us with eternity!

BOLETUS

Like golden mushrooms
Thought by thought
Pushes up through the mind's rich loam;
But with a careless glance we pass
And deem them poisonous—
With scorn
We brush these grotesque thoughts aside,
Thoughts that have hearts of gold!

SYMPATHY

As I have seen the sunset
Fling a glance,
A look of deepening pain,
And all the sea
Catch wave by wave its crimson,
So to-day
When in your eyes,
Blue shadowed gray,
There came a look of pain,
My own flashed back your spirit's light
In tear-dimmed sympathy!

PRELUDE TO AUTUMN

I found a sere leaf on the path to-day,
A leaf of autumn;
The willow tree that arched above me sighed
As when a woman finds her hair first gray
And sighs——
Even so the willow bowed its head,
Saddened to see its first leaf fade and fall;
And so, perchance, Death's mysteries
Are but the darker dreams of Nature's sleep,
And withered leaves the tears that old trees shed
Over her head,
When they feel Nature suffering, and weep.

A THRUSH'S GHOST

A thrush's ghost
With shadow song
Thrills the gray autumn gloom,
As from this half-charred bough
A golden flame
Flickers and dies;
And in its perished radiance there lurks
The passion of some thrush's heart
Pulsing beneath a speckled breast—
And in the shadow on the hearth
The fluttering of tawny wings—
Yet lonely is the song it sings
Within my heart
This autumn day!

OLD SUMMER

The fleeting swallows have fled the days,
And Summer bereft is still and sad;
No longer are her meadows glad
With golden wheat and golden maize.

The bees have plundered all her flowers
And loaded deep their quiet cells
With treasure from the heather-bells
That blossom amid mists and showers.

Poor Summer's locks are thin and gray,
Her former radiance is fled;
Love, like the heather-bells, is dead,
And all the birds have flown away.

SUMMER'S SACRIFICE

How wan the sunlight gleams among the trees;
How cold, how dead, the wind;
How lorn the yellow drifts of withered leaves;
How sad, how sad!
Summer has sung her song,
Has spent her gold,
Has gone down lonely
To the lonely dead,—
Has sacrificed her all
To motherhood!

MY DAYS

Bewildering as swirling autumn leaves
My days drift by with happiness and grief,
Each beautiful as every painted leaf,
Each mocking me, these merry, merry thieves
Of my bright hours of childhood and of youth
Carry me onward toward God's silent truth.
They are as friends whom I have loved and lost;
They are as spent and withered memories;
And by them I am hither, thither, tossed,
A derelict across wrinkled seas—
A prey am I to these my fleeting days
Which pass me singing merry, mocking lays.

AN AUTUMN GARDEN

TO AUGUSTA

All my dead childhood haunts this autumn day—
These asters and these wine-dark autumn leaves
All plead the ruthless passage of the years ;
Yet in this garden,
In this hallowed place
Haunted with Summer's fleeting loveliness
And touched by Autumn's lonely hands,
I have a sense
Of utter timelessness !
And memories
Of perished days
Laugh in the asters' blue,
And take me back to other years when we
Sang here our childhood's happy melody !

TO AUGUSTA

Oh sister with the laughing eyes
And wealth of shadow-passioned hair,
Companion of my childhood days,
Lilting along the golden ways
Of summer—here and everywhere,
I hear your laughter, and your eyes
Gleam like dark flowers, deep and wise,
Dark flowers glimmering with dew!
Dear little sister, you and I
Have danced together down Life's days?
The Gates of Childhood, far and blue,
Have closed behind us—we must go
By darker ways we do not know
Into some dim futurity;
And yet, however dark the ways,
However far and strange they seem,
We've danced together down the days
Of our past childhood, days of dream!
We've danced together, you and I,
Along the paths of memory;
And we will dance again, you know,
Because we love each other so!

TO MY MOTHER

I bring you neither rose nor flaming poppy ;
I bring you only dreams and my own heart,
The heart you gave me, deep beyond your knowl-
edge

With songs and secrets and with hidden won-
der—

The heart you gave me quickened with your
love!

Whether my way of life be dark and lonely
Or thronged with happiness, you gave me this
Wild Beauty that I call my heart, and only,
Only the heart can know and understand
My love for you—and so to-day I bring you
Nor gift of gold, nor rose, nor flaming poppy ;
Only I bring to you my wingèd heart!

MY WISH

Only that Life may be to all the fire
Of deathless beauty in the human heart;
This is my only wish, and this desire
That all may find within themselves a part
At least of Life's great symphony—that all
May hear the stars' faint laughter and the call
Of Beauty, and may read eternity
Spelled in the falling of an autumn leaf,
And in the happiness, the love, the grief
That crowd our lives; that all may gain release
Through Love, through Beauty, Gentleness and
Peace!

MY IDEAL

To lend my voice to all the moods of Spring
And note by note echo her inner thought,
As blossom after blossom lifts its face
To the Sun's golden kiss—To make my Song
Deep as the passion of the wingèd Dawn
When all the starry multitudes of Night,
Grown pale and still before the feet of Day,
Are hushed—To lift my poetry on wings
Into the blue realms of the infinite—
This is my vision, this my far ideal:
To raise my heart on pulsing wings of song—
In ecstasy to fall at Beauty's feet!

MY FLAME

Oh, flame of Beauty,
Star that never fades,
Low on the hilltops
Where with folded wings
Resting a moment
Thou art like God's hand
In benediction
Raised above the world!
Oh, flame of Beauty,
Thou eternal dream
Of deathless poetry,
I am thy moth
And hover breathless near thy flame,
Yearning to fold thee—
Blinded by thy light,
I give my wings
In utter sacrifice
To perish in thy flame!

THE SOUL'S QUEST

Last night a broken bit of moon
Climbed up among the stars to kiss
Their lonely faces ; even so
My spirit seeks some unknown bliss
Beyond the furthest star where low
The angels sing, where, ghostly white,
Wings tremble in eternal Light.

IDEALISTS

Pulse after pulse our life throbs to its end,
Pulse after burning pulse;
Even as the wind stirs up the wandering waves
And drives them anywhither, near or far,
Even so God's spirit, that great principle
Of vital Beauty, stirs the souls of men
And drives them anywhither.
In our hearts the dust of other lives,
Poems of our Past, burn low—our human souls
Are the dim fires of an elusive gold,
The Present's flames among the white-hot coals,
Pale embers of the Past.
Pulse after pulse our life consumes, we go
Into the Future striving to be free!
Driven by Beauty, waves that break their hearts
Against steep, inaccessible ideals,
Dim crags of a To-morrow,—and we die
Only to surge again along the cliffs,
Driven by Beauty—laughing waves that break
Their wild hearts gladly for a great ideal!

SOME DAY

Some day when autumn sweeps across the sky
And all the stars fall in the dusky meads
Of windy heaven, then you, dear friend, and I
Shall fade, and all the hopes, the plans, the deeds
We dreamed to do,
These shall be withered too ;
Then swirling through the heavens wild and free
The falling stars shall cover you and me.

Some day when autumn sweeps across the sky,
When Life has spelled for us the last, rich rhyme,
The world itself shall melt into a sigh,
A sigh upon the lonely lips of Time.

TO ONE WHO LOST

He died in the last hour of strife—he went
By the dark ways of sorrow, blood, and pain,
With love and laughter on his lips—he spent
His golden hours of youth, no thought of gain
Touching his heart—only he gave his life
In passionate sacrifice that you and I
Might dwell in peace, untrammelled by the strife
That fetters the white feet of Liberty.

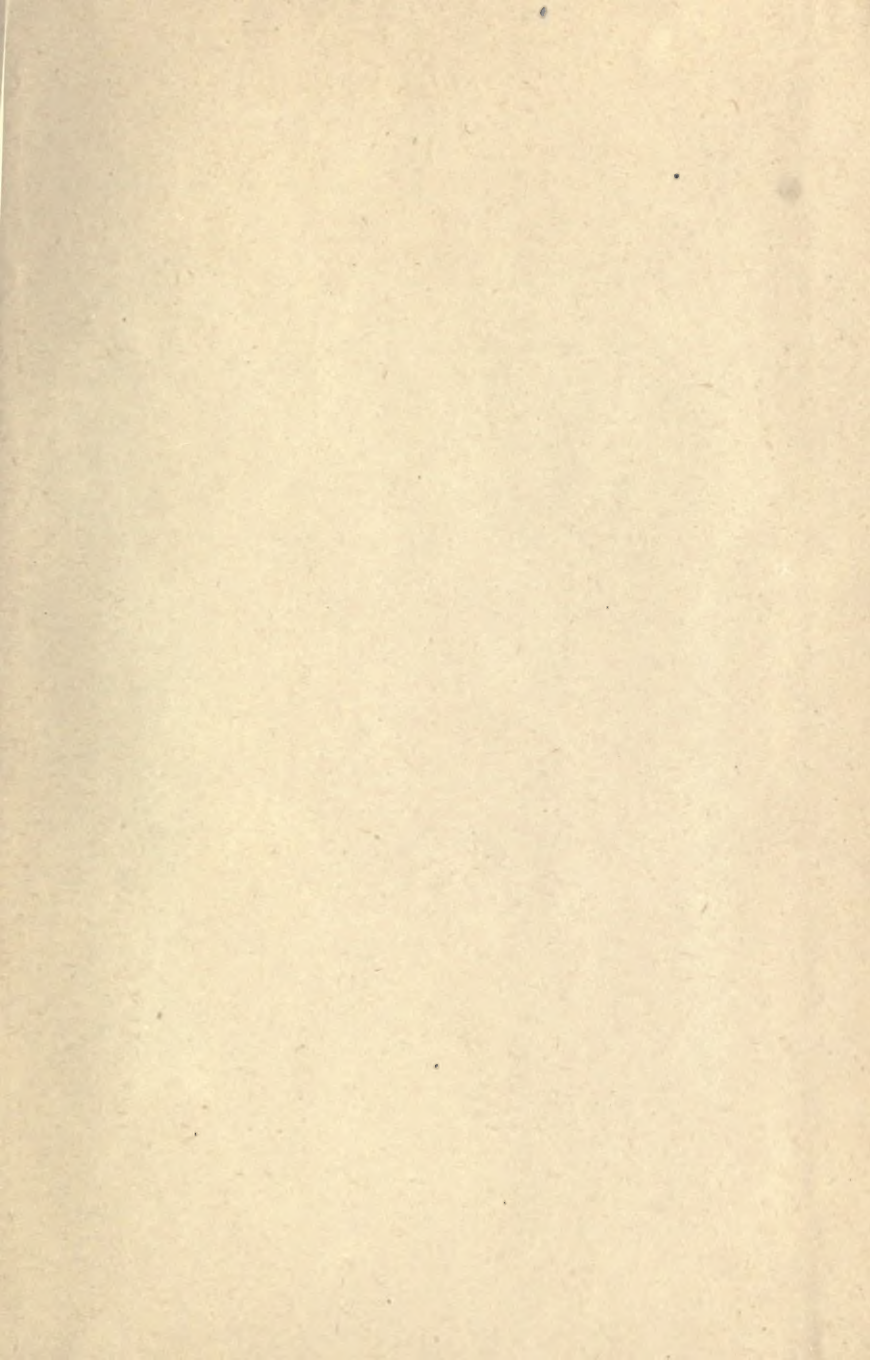
Yet in the gloom that shadows your dear heart
Glimmers the silver twilight of his love;
And somewhere out beyond our world, above
The battlements that rim the windy sky,
You shall be one with him—your souls a part
Of the vast passion of eternity.

NOVEMBER 11, 1918

The cold grey lips of the ageless sea
Whispered along their mortal shores,
"Peace!"—All the frosty stars grew still
And the white hush that heralds dawn
Trembled along the battle line!
"Peace!"—With a cry the awakening world
Caught up the tidings—wave on wave
Of exultation shook the starry towers
That crown the gleaming citadel of God!
"Peace"!—and the proud-lipped wind on laugh-
ing feet
Carried the tidings out across the world—
"Peace!"—and the last pale soldier cried and
fell,
Bleeding, across a trench in No Man's Land!

PALINGENESIS

When Death himself has fallen dead
Among the ashes of the world,
And Time has bowed his sleepless head
In slumber—when the stars are hurled
By ghostly hands into the night—
Then through the dizzy arch of sky
Shall ring again this challenge cry:
 “Let there be light!”



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